

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

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HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1899.

NUMBER 41.

WALTER COOPER,  
Owner and Editor.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

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## ABOUT POSTMASTERS.

That is, Those Denominated Fourth  
Class, By One Who Has Ex-  
perienced the Trials.

Did you ever have any experience as postmaster in a small place or town? If not, you know nothing about the bliss of a postmaster, and will be astonished to learn a very little about it from the pen of one who has been honored, by the powers that be, with the position of postmaster in a small mountain town of Kentucky. The bliss of a postmaster passeth all understanding. He has all sorts and sizes of bliss and fun; all sorts of ups and downs; all sorts of troubles and sorrows; all sorts of trials and hardships; and is subjected to all sorts and frames of mind in some periods of his imperishable honor as postmaster. He comes in contact with many wiseheads, but mostly in combat with foolheads, who know enough to know "there is a letter in the office for us, or there is something wrong here."

Everybody within a radius of ten miles calls at the postoffice—no miscount on that. One invariable inquires, as though a postmaster knows everybody not dead, "any mail for me?" "Who is me?" retorts the postmaster. "Snooks, Snooks, any mail for Bill Snooks?" "Not any." "For Tom Snooks?" "Nothing." "Any mail for me or any of the Snooks?" "Nothing for you or any of the Snooks whatever." "That's strange. Why, there ought to be a letter here for me. Something's wrong; it looks like I can't get any mail here at all!" The postmaster must accept all things gladly (he can't get insulted, and must "postmaster" his temper) and he explains to Mr. Snooks, perhaps, his mail will come up all O. K. yet. "Well, maybe," and away goes Mr. Snooks. The postmaster learns, and not to his surprise much, that Mr. Snooks' postoffice is Pools Parallels twelve miles away in the far edge of the county. This is annoying to a postmaster, but it is his bliss, and he learns to amuse himself with the people of fooldom, and hardens his heart for any emergency or any fate.

The real patrons of the office are a curious breed of people, too, generally—and generally is all the time, with the exception of night time. Here is a fellow who has up a correspondence with some far away friend or relative, and he has annoyed and troubled the postmaster so much that he knows to a minute when there is a letter due him at the office. He is one of these every-day loafers that hangs around the office, especially about "mail-time," as he calls it. "I'll get a letter from him to-day, sure," he says. The postmaster soon has the mail distributed. Then the fellow, with his ten-inch nose poked through the bars of the postoffice cabinet, seriously inquires, "Well, did it come?" Being politely informed that it had not, he murmurs, "Well, that's strange. What's the matter?" The postmaster, good naturedly like, tells him that he doesn't know the reason, and intimates that the letter might have got delayed in the mails or his friend had deferred an answer to his letter, only to be met with the sharp rejoinder, "It never has been delayed, he never did fail to write before. Guess you have overlooked it. Look again." To satisfy his patron, the postmaster looks again with the same result—and away goes the goody-goody patron still with the impression that there is a letter in the office for him and that there must be something rotten in Denmark. Daily occurrences of this kind annoy the postmaster—but it is his bliss—and he must put up with it, "postmaster" his temper, and never kick at the ways of his flopped patrons of fooldom. The Postoffice Department won't allow the postmaster to "fly-off-of-the-handle" with his patrons and if the postoffice inspectors, bully fellows, hear of it they will silently fall in to meddle and investigate the matter. This is what the postmaster has to contend with—but it is his bliss—and he mustn't grumble. "Post"-"master" is the proper thing to call a postmaster. A "post"-"master" must be able and willing to "post" everybody on everything. He must be able to master the whole situation, master the tempers of others, as well.

And it is bliss on every hand with the

postmaster. In comes a fellow—a veritable old timer—and asks what a two-cent stamp is worth or "what will you take for a two-cent stamp?" The postmaster tells him that a two-cent stamp is worth only two cents and that he will let him have one for two cents. He complains that he is too high on his stamps and vigorously tries to "jew" him down on the price; and he thumbs out a rusty one-cent piece and slings it down on the counter and dares the postmaster to take him up. But he doesn't know the postmaster is forbidden to sell a two-cent stamp for one cent. The postmaster refuses to take him up, and the old timer calls him stingy, hard-hearted, and all manner of hard names. Well, such passes are real fun and amusement to the postmaster—but it is his bliss—and he mustn't say anything about it.

Talk about fun; talk about amusement; talk, too, about ups and downs; talk about people of all sorts and sizes; talk about seeing and enjoying all shades and phases of life, but you don't know half about it unless you have had the imperishable honor of being postmaster in the mountains of Kentucky.

BENJ. SEWELL, P. M.,  
Campton, Ky.

## A Courier-Journal Scoop.

The city editor of the Dispatch sent a confidential business communication duly sealed and directed to the managing editor of the Dispatch, but by mistake it was left at the residence of Mr. W. B. Haldeman, of the Courier-Journal. The note never reached its destination, but was handed yesterday to Mr. Huggins, to be read to the Central Committee, and appears, double measure, in the Courier-Journal this morning.

What would be thought of the cashier of one bank receiving and holding for his own purposes, a note sent by the cashier of a neighboring bank, to his own cashier? Yet the Courier-Journal thus reports the story:

"Mr. Carter said: 'I'll tell you where that note came from. It was sent by a messenger to Mr. Stewart, who lives next door to Mr. Will Haldeman, of the Courier-Journal. The messenger by mistake left the note at Mr. Haldeman's house, and he was not gentleman enough to return it.' This caused a roar of laughter from everybody in the room."

The matter is of public interest only as illustrating the code of morals controlling the Courier-Journal.—Louisville Post.

## The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,  
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

## Goebel Is a Gone Gosling.

The first five districts of Kentucky are against Goebel and Goebelim, Mr. Finley's speech to the contrary notwithstanding. Populists, Republicans and Democrats are against him. The Confederate soldiers are against him to a man. The silver Democrats distrust him as a new convert; the sound money men dislike him as a deserter. The elements of opposition are uniting, and if it were a question of popular suffrage, Mr. Goebel could not get 25 per cent. of the votes required to nominate him.

Yet he will continue his contest for the nomination, made more determined and more desperate by this first check and the growing desire of Democratic leaders to be rid of him and his measure.

The fight here in Louisville is the main fight. Without the vote of the Fifth district it is not possible for Goebel to get the nomination. \* \* \*—Louisville Post.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state, D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country. 27-1f.

## GENERAL NEWS.

France is reported to be willing at last to sell her Newfoundland shore rights to England.

The United States Government will be asked to relieve indigent miners in the Kiandike.

California Assembly voted its approval of President McKinley's Philippine policy.

An Austrian inventor has discovered a method of exploding bombs by the action of light.

The 200th anniversary of the founding of Detroit, Mich., will be celebrated there in 1901.

At Kokomo, Ind., Monday, Matthew Murden died. He settled there among the Indians in 1832.

Gov. Brady, of Alaska, is in Washington to urge Congress to legislate in behalf of the territory.

The police authorities of Berlin have exiled thirty Russian girls employed there as cigarette-makers.

Thieves held up a Chicago dry goods store and killed one of the officers who attempted to arrest them.

Several fine steamers have been caught in the ice in the Yukon River, and it is feared that they will be lost.

Ten Spanish priests, who fled from the Philippines to escape Aguinaldo's wrath, have arrived in San Francisco.

Parrots recently from South America are said to have introduced typhoid fever among visitors to a bird show in Berlin.

Yee Den, said to be the only professional burglar in New York, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

The revenue cutter McCulloch, which sailed from Manila recently, will make a tour of the world before coming home.

Bills have been introduced in the North Carolina Legislature to provide separate railroad coaches for whites and blacks.

The United States revenue cutter Richard Rush chased and captured a Canadian sealer in the harbor of San Francisco.

It is said that the German Government is preparing a bill that will practically exclude American petroleum from that country.

Smith Edwards, aged 70 years, who for several years had lived a hermit's life at Smithton, Mo., was found dead in bed Sunday night.

Southern Democrats in Congress almost unanimously repudiate Senator Butler's resolution to give pensions to ex-Confederate soldiers.

Germany threatens to seize Samoa, the richest of the Tonga Islands, unless the government pays private debts owed by the natives to a German.

The Secretary of Agriculture in his annual report declared that in some instances politics had a beneficial effect on experimental station work.

The number of train robberies in the United States in 1898 was twenty-eight, in which five passengers and trainmen and five robbers were killed.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill creating a new United States judgeship, which will probably be occupied by ex-Secretary Day.

A large number of soldiers of the 41st Ohio Regiment, quartered in the Auditorium at Columbus, were injured by the collapse of their wooden bunks.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, who is now in Havana, says the first need of Cuba is clarity, and the problem of government may be solved afterwards.

Gen. Jose Gomez, who has returned to Washington from Havana, says the people of Cuba are beginning to realize that American rule is necessary for the present.

News was received at Brownsville, Tenn., of the death in Durango, Mex., of Maj. Sam Kilbrew, for many years one of the best known residents of Brownsville.

Oyster men say that if the present extreme cold weather continues, cultivated oyster beds in Puget Sound and Willapa Harbor, valued at \$1,000,000, will be destroyed.

At South Bend, Ind., Monday, Oscar Werink, of Chicago, touched a steam coil that grounded a powerful electric current. He is still alive, after receiving 4500.

Frank Prowse, of Hopkinsville, Ky., who enlisted in the 3d Kentucky Regiment, died in the hospital at Columbus, Ga., Wednesday evening of typhoid fever, aged 27.

## Romances of Three Misers.

An Englishwoman who died at Caen, in Normandy, where she had lived for many years in strict seclusion, left \$190,000 to the London City Mission. She lived the life of a miser, and was at last, in her eighty-sixth year, found by her neighbors in the solitude of her house, starved to death.

Schult von Meiss, who recently died in Zurich at the age of eighty-six, was for years reputed to be a miser who secluded himself to gloat over his gold. But it appears that while he spent little on himself he acquired a rare collection of paintings, which he bequeathed to the State. The collection comprises 12,000 pieces, all of the highest merit. Rembrandt is represented by 291 pieces, Lucas de Leyde by 158, Albert Durer by 111, and Schoengauer by 89.

The late Countess Balsch, of the Roumanian nobility, was an extraordinary character. Although extremely rich, she was a miser and hardly spent a penny, except in defending a lawsuit which her only daughter, who had incurred the Countess' displeasure by marrying without her consent, had started against her. When the authorities entered the dead Countess' dwelling to take possession of her property they discovered, secreted in numberless impossible places, no less than 1,610,000 francs. While making a final inventory they found hid in a bundle of old moth-eaten curtains a box containing another 40,000 francs. Numberless little cheap note-books were also found, in which this eccentric being had noted down every half penny spent. Some books devoted to her law expenses were headed: "Costs of process against that beastly and poisonous serpent, my daughter."

## It Pays to Educate.

Young man, did you ever stop to consider the real value of school life? If you didn't, contemplate these figures. Let us suppose that the average young man of 20 will live to be 50, that is he will have 30 years of business life. If he has a good education he can certainly make \$1,000 per year, which in 30 years amounts to \$30,000. If he has no education, he will do well to average \$300 per year, or in 30 years \$9,000; \$30,000 minus \$9,000 is equal to \$21,000, the amount the average educated man makes over the uneducated. Divide \$21,000 by 10—the average school life, it gives \$2,100—the amount a boy can make yearly by attending school, provided, of course, that he applies himself diligently to his studies. And to pursue the calculation a little further, let us divide \$2,100 by 200, the number of days in a school year, and we have \$10.50, the average amount that a boy can make daily by going to school. Look around you and see if these figures are not about correct.

## MONTHLY SUFFERING.

Thousands of women are troubled at monthly intervals with pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides hips and limbs. But they need not suffer.



These pains are symptoms of dangerous derangements that can be corrected. The menstrual function should operate painlessly.

**McELEE'S Wine of Cardui**

makes menstruation painless, and regular. It puts the delicate menstrual organs in condition to do their work properly. And that stops all this pain. Why will any woman suffer month after month when Wine of Cardui will relieve her? It costs \$7.00 at the drug store. Why don't you get a bottle to-day?

For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. ROZENA LEWIS, of Greenville, Texas, says: "I was troubled at monthly intervals with terrible pains in my head and back, but have been entirely relieved by Wine of Cardui."



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## THE OLD-TIME CIRCUS.

The circus thirty years ago was better far than now:  
The elephant was a wonder just to see!  
I could watch him half a day  
As he fed himself with hay:  
And each separate beast was worth the price to me.  
Never clown was half so funny; never monkey half so droll:  
All the tinsel was pure metal then to me;  
Every acrobat, amazing; every rider, simply great:  
And that small trapeze man—what a man was he!  
And when the woman sang: "We Parted by the Riverside,"  
And "You'll Not Forget," and "You'll Remember Me,"  
She was really so pathetic  
That I wiped my eyes and cried:  
I wanted then to take her home with me.  
The shows we see in these days are never half so fine:  
The cost of tickets often bothers me;  
Though the man still cracks his whip,  
And the clown seems pretty flip,  
There is nothing much I care to hear or see,  
Thoughts of business, taxes, losses; rheumatism, other crosses,  
All combine to make the circus seem quite flat:  
I no longer love the songstress, with her paint and frills and flosses!  
I no longer want to take her home, at that!  
But I'd like to see the old-time show of thirty years ago,  
When I wore no pointed shoes—my feet were bare:  
When lemonade was nectar  
And peanuts were a joy;  
That old show without a worry or a care!  
—Pueblo Post.

## An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

### SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam, (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.  
Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.  
Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.  
Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.  
Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.  
Chapter VI.—Mrs. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.  
Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.  
Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.  
Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.  
Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged, and swoons.  
Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.  
Chapter XII.—Upon regaining her strength Florence returns to her home, which she now in her jealous brooding decides to leave.

### CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Wild-eyed, with beating heart, Florence rushed through the dining-room to the dark kitchen beyond and rapped imperiously at a door. "Hop Ling!" she cried, "up, I need you." No answer. "The brute," she murmured to herself, as she threw herself heavily upon the door, and it flew open and plunged her in. The Chinaman's little sanctum was deserted. She kept no maid. One schooled Chinaman ensily and efficiently did all the housework of a lieutenant's humble quarters and was generally employed in that capacity in almost every garrison of the far west. She flew to the rear door and locked that, then up to the second story where were the pretty guestrooms as well as their own—hers and Randy's, with all their closets and nooks and corners. She took one rapid survey through them, and then one fierce, wild look at herself in the mirror of her dainty dressing table. Are you Floy Tremaine? Are you the little girl who was reared in the Riflers? Are you to make a lifelong fool for any man? And as she spoke she began to open the dress she had been wearing for Randy's benefit. The folds of the stylish skirt, one of Mrs. Hayne's planning when in Chicago, were tossed in reckless disorder upon the snowy coverlet of the bed, and her precious locket—Randy's locket—was as suddenly unclasped from the round, white throat, and in the tumult in her soul she heard no sound of the

sudden stir and sortie at the guard-house. She never knew that there was no sentry faithful to his watch along the rear of officers' row, to take up and pass on the stirring, reassuring cry that no army girl can hear without rejoicing or miss without alarm—"Two o'clock and all's well."

The dawn was breaking over the far Jornada and turning the distant Gendaloupe into gold when the Riflers rolled away—officers and men, "barring the band and company 'Ike' [by war department orders a few years ago companies "I" and "K" of each regiment of infantry were "skeletonized" by transfer of their men to other companies, leaving those two merely paper commands. Just as "Co. Q" has been for years the derisive title of the guard-house prisoners, so does "Co. Ike" begin to appear as a name for the be-reaved and friendless commands referred to] at Sedgwick," as the cavalry trumpeter remarked to the gunner when they were going out to stir the echoes with their reveille; only these at Sedgwick, and one stalwart old captain with his devoted half-hundred, Tremaine, still doing duty at the cantonment—fond, lonely old father, whose heart was wrapped up in that one child, yet could not deny her to the man she loved so well. Sedgwick was beginning to yawn and stir. The night owls in the canyons were hooting back to their nests, dismayed by the howlings of the human night owls tacking home to duty, already half regretful of the whisky wasted, while before them was that remorseless wrath to come. The cooks were astir in the barracks, and filmy smoke-veils were sailing straight aloft from the chimneys of half a dozen company kitchens. Already, too, the household servants along the row of cavalry officers' quarters, that which backed to the south, were lighting their little morning blazes, for Sedgwick lay beyond range and anthracite. In the good old days of 20 years before, the cocktail, not coffee, was the necessary prelude to reveille and morning stables. Now, with the wisdom that comes long after war, only case-hardened, bandy-legged old dragoons ever dreamed of a drink at that hour of leap from sleep to life; the inner cavalryman craves the juice of Mocha and mocks at rye. From every "set" of cavalry quarters then the kitchen chimney sent aloft its feathery plume, with one exception—a subaltern's house well over toward the western end of the row; and toward the gate thereof, edging away from the ribald homeward-bound of the main road and shuffling stolidly across the mesa, Hop Ling was making his rapid way. Fan-tan had gone against him, and but for his hands his pockets were empty. Hop bore with him an air of depression, and was followed by a faint fragrance as of mandragora. His bleary little eyes were searching furtively along that line of fence and stables for the gleam of the sentry's carbine and cap ornaments. He must place that watchman of the night and know his ground before he entered post. "Spose the officer of the guard had happened to meet him during the night. 'Spose somebody sick. 'Spose Miss Mellium she wantee chow-chow?" Bang! the morning gun roared its lusty summons to be up and doing, and skulking coyotes squatted lower as they sneaked away from the outlying quarters, no chicken the richer, and the guard turned out with 20 additions to company Q and more still a-coming and the telegraph instrument in the clerk's office began to call "Lalarrup—Lalarrup—Lalarrup," and the soldier operator, washing his face in a tin basin outside, glanced up and said: "The deuce with you. You always call when I'm washing. What's up now?" and had to drop snots, and, wringing his hands as he ran, to answer the sharp, insistent summons; and as he listened his face grew keen and excited, and, checking the rapid clicking of the key one instant, he yelled to the drowsy clerk in the adjoining office: "Billy—quick! Tumble up and see if Lieut. Merriam's back. I've a message for him," and then clicked and listened and noted again; but the reveille was chirruping its merry music, and the sweet, cool, morning air rang with the melody, and the troopers were tumbling out from the barracks and ever across the parade officers came stalking forth from their doorways, for the—th were sticklers about morning stables and roll call; and, most prominent figure of all, streaking across the mesa with pig-tails and pajamas a-flying, with his felt-bottomed boots fairly flashing, with flaring eyes, distended for once at least with mad appeal and dread in every feature and shrill distress in his chattering tones, came Hop Ling, straight for the guardhouse and shrieking for "Mellium."

A new officer of the guard, a seowling and unresponsive man, turned from his survey of the array of grinning prisoners, forgetting their own troubles in the contemplation of Hop's grotesque misery, and this new official, Whittaker by name, sternly shouted: "Stop your infernal noise, you clapper-jawed heathen. What the devil's the matter?" "Mellium! Mellium!" was all poor Hop could pant. "Mr. Merriam isn't here," said Whittaker, majestically. "Oh—what he gone?—Miss Mellium gone! She gone—Minion—alle gone!" "Whew!" said Whittaker. "Sergeant, take charge of the guard. I've got to go up to Capt. Grafton's and report this. Come on with me, you heathen," and, forgetful of the officer of the day, and only too ready to visit Grafton's and bask under that window, the lieutenant hastened away. Hop obediently and hopefully following. Matters weren't so bad perhaps, then, after all, thought he. Odd though the freak might be, his master and mistress might possibly have trotted away together for a very early morning ride and would soon be back demanding breakfast.

But Grafton was out in an instant, and together did the three hasten to the pretty nest which Randy had so proudly furnished for his bride. Hop ushered them to the dark, empty parlor, then to the empty rooms above.

There on the unrumpled bed, just where she had thrown them, were the garments Flo had hastily discarded. There on the dressing table were toilet articles in wild disarray. "She's heard in some way of his orders to chase those d-d greasers," said Whittaker, aulently. He, who hated the name of Fanny Hayward a year gone by for having jilted his fondest friend, now well-nigh hated him because the woman sought him again, and Whittaker knew it.

"We can soon tell," said Grafton, briefly, "by following her trail."

Down to the little stable they went; but first Grafton stepped back into Randy's bath and dressing-room. Yes, just as he thought, there was a note stuck in Randy's mirror, but no womanly little scrawl, no young wife's cooling confidence to her devoted mate. It was in stout envelope, and the superscription, in a hand that spread itself over the entire face, was formal, indeed menacing:

LIEUT. MERRIAM,

Private and personal. —th Cavalry.

The captain's face grew quickly grave as he came forth and closed the door behind him.

"Which way did Merriam head?" asked he of Whittaker a moment later, as the three regathered back of the line.

"Straight off to the southwest," said Whittaker, "and here go her tracks—by Jove! Straight away for the end of the row—and from there?"

The two officers looked in each other's eyes a moment, then strode hurriedly to



There on the unrumpled bed just where she had thrown them.

the west end of the line. Before them there—broad and far spreading, brave in the slanting sunshine, the rolling reach of the mesa toward the Santa Clara. Beyond that valley the slow-rising stretch of desert toward the old mission miles and miles away. Beyond all, the far foothills and glistening range of the Mescalero.

But not toward these did Mignon's dainty foot-tracks lead. Straight as the crow flies they clipped the sandy barren when once well out beyond the line and hearing of the westward sentry. Straight, swift and sure, like homing pigeons, Floy had evidently shaken loose her rein and bade her pet and precious bear her, swerving never, far at least as strength would last, to where there was ever waiting her the changeless love and pity and protection of the sheltering arms at the old cantonment, now her only hope of home.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"No word of this to anyone, Whittaker," said Grafton, as they turned away. He was beginning to see through it all. He knew that two ladies of the garrison were calling at his quarters just at that luckless hour near retreat, when, as he had urged, Merriam went thither and asked for Mrs. McLane. He knew that they had left and gone on up the row while his wife was expostulating with Fanny aloft and Randy was waiting below. He knew that one at least of their number would be sure to tell what was occurring, not as a matter of malice by any means, but simply because she couldn't help telling anything and everything that she saw and heard. He knew that sympathizing women were dropping in every few minutes to see "Dear Florrie" herself, if a possible thing, or to inquire how she was, and he quickly conjectured that one or more of these visitors had let fall the fatal observation. What Grafton did not know was that such a visitation had befallen after Florence had virtually asked Randy to tell where he had been, and after his hapless failure to explain immediately the entire circumstances. It roused the demon of her passionate nature to be told the truth by other lips than his. But this in itself, reasoned Grafton, was not

enough to drive Florence into flight. She must have watched for his later coming, must have seen him go—oh, fatal step! for which he, George Grafton, and no one else, was responsible—away from the path that led to his wife and home, straight to that which bore him to the side of the woman he had loved before ever he set eyes on Floy Tremaine. And thither she, perchance, had followed; but there—what had she seen?—what had she heard? There were aching hearts in many households at Sedgwick that cloudless morning, but the man who suffered most was Grafton. The whole truth flashed upon him as he followed the prints of Mignon's nimble hoof. He would have to tell his wife and Mrs. Hayne, but no one else.

"No word of this to anyone, Whittaker," therefore he cautioned, with a sigh.

"Well, I'm not all asinine," was that troubled subaltern's reply, "though I dare say you've thought me so of late."

"God forbid that I should judge any man," thought Grafton to himself, "after what I've done this past night." Harriet Grafton was greatly shocked when told her husband's fears, and did not altogether meekly accept his caution to keep the secret from Fanny, who still slept the sleep of the innocent and virtuous and clear of conscience. Hop Ling had been told to go indoors, put all the rooms to rights, have the breakfast table set, and breakfast prepared as usual, and he wondered but obeyed. Mrs. Hayne was speedily aroused by the announcement that Mrs. Grafton was below, and was well aware that something extraordinary had occurred to warrant a call at so early an hour. Even the children, wearied after last night's vigil, were still asleep. Donning a wrapper, she hastened out on the landing and softly called over the balusters: "I know you have news for me, Mrs. Grafton, please come up."

And in the telling of her tidings, was it any wonder that the younger matron burst into tears? "We must try to make it seem that she has ridden off at dawn in hopes of meeting Randy on his return with the prisoners," was Mrs. Hayne's decision, after she had recovered from the shock and had heard the whole story; and this commended itself to Grafton as wise when his wife came back to him and he had returned from the never-to-be-neglected "morning stables." And this too was what they intended at first to say to Merriam when he should come in, ravenous for breakfast and astonished at not finding his wife. But high noon came and brought no Randy. In the words of the acting adjutant, high noon brought only high jinks.

Crane, officer of the day, and a dozen other officers had seen Hop Ling's frantic charge across the parade at reveille, and numbers of men had heard his announcement of the general begira at Merriam's. Before guard mounting it was known that Mignon's trail led straight away to the upper fords of the Santa Clara—far from the direction in which Randy had gone. At ten a herdsman came in who said he "reckoned the lady must have dropped this." He saw her riding like the wind the short cut for Jose's ranch on the old Navajo trail, and he handed over poor Florrie's little traveling bag, which she had evidently strapped to her saddle, never calculating—perhaps never caring—what the strain might be, never missing it when it was gone. They sent it to Mrs. Hayne, who could no longer keep up her brave face but sobbed over it as would a mother over some prized relic of a lost and beloved child.

Then Bux ordered out three of his swiftest trailers and riders and the best light wagon at the post. With the wagon went the post surgeon and Mrs. Hayne, who left her brood to a neighbor's care. They took with them such drugs and restoratives as seemed necessary, and at noon they were across the Santa Clara on the road to the cantonment, expecting to reach Jose's by nightfall and find their runaway darling there, exhausted by her long hours in saddle and compelled to stay under that friendly shelter, as (sometimes with her father and twice at least with Randy) she had stayed on her journeys to and fro. There she would have to remain over night until Mignon should be able to go on again with the rise of the morning star.

Meantime the wires from Cimarron Junction had been hot with news, and McGrath, the operator, lived the day of his life, for hours the most important man at the post. The rioters had got wind of the coming of troops and had sought to block the way by wrecking a freight caboose in Calamas Gorge. The Riflers swarmed out and had things in shape within the hour, and went whistling on again. Everyone knew trouble would end the moment they got to the scene of the strike, but what might not happen meantime?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### This Ought to Be Stopped.

"That was an awful tragedy at St. Louis the other night."

"What was it? I haven't read the paper to-day."

"One of the bridesmaids at a wedding happily threw her slipper after the happy couple and hit the groom."—Chicago Daily News.

Mamma—That's a nice little boy you play marbles with, Bobby.  
Bobby—You becher! An' he's had th' measles four times.—Judge.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

An Italian linguist claims to be able to speak and write no fewer than 99 languages and dialects.

Switzerland's best known chamois hunter, Balthasar Zinsli, died some time ago at Sebaran, aged 70 years. His record included over 1,300 chamois and deer.

The German emperor's hobnobbing with the sultan has recalled the fact that Bismarck once said that the Turks were the only gentlemen in the whole orient.

A. Oakley Hall, the ex-mayor of New York, who died recently, was said to have at the end of his tongue a greater store of authentic political anecdotes than any man in New York.

Sir Herbert Kitchener is a tall, dark-skinned man, so like a native of the country he conquered that he has often, in disguise, passed for one, aided by his perfect knowledge of the language and its various dialects.

"Old Man Hearst," the veteran prospector, who was Mark Twain's partner in the days when the material for "Roughing It" was gathered, is still a miner and is working a claim near the Black range in New Mexico.

An individual lost his umbrella. He advertised that "the party who appropriated it was known and seen to take it, and if that night it was not thrown over his back fence he would be arrested and exposed." The next morning the advertiser found his back yard full of umbrellas.

## WIDOWS AND BACHELORS.

Widowers Marry Spinsters and Bachelors Dodge Widows, Says This Informant.

Men and women have such different views on some subjects. Take matrimony, for instance. When a widower chooses a second helpmate he looks about him for a spinster, but a widow doesn't care two straws for a bachelor. She prefers a widower with a fund of domestic experience to draw on. These are facts. Statistics prove them. As a general thing the man who spends one-half of his time in memorizing statistics and the other half in firing them at his friends—or, rather, his enemies, he has no friends—is an unmitigated nuisance, but he is, withal, a useful and even necessary evil, and we tolerate him with resignation. There are cases in the desert of his firesomeness. Once in awhile when floundering in the depths of his varied information he tells us something we would never have known, or perhaps would not even have thought of had we not been blessed by his untiring diligence.

One of the choice morsels of information recently gleaned is the above-mentioned peculiarity of the sexes when hunting substitutes for lost partners. Statistics do not explain why this condition exists, but the statistician does. In fact, he offers several explanations. Like the man at the show, you can pay your money and take your choice. Is the first place, he says, a man who has lost his other half is much more anxious to marry than a woman. Indeed, so enamored is he of the matrimonial state that he is willing to give it not only a second, but even a third or fourth trial if necessary, and each time he chooses a spinster. This the statistician partly accounts for by stating that as the female population greatly exceeds the male, each man feels that it is his bounden duty to assist as many women as possible into their true sphere of the home circle.

To dissenters from this philanthropic view the statistician offers another suggestion to the effect that a man likes to be "bless" in his own home, and, having learned from experience that after a woman has been married a few years she is pretty apt to take the reins of the household in her own hands, he prefers some one who is still uninitiated, so that he may enjoy at least a few months of leading it before she gets broken in. Whether either of these hypotheses is correct it would be impossible to state positively, but certain it is that a widower fights as strenuously against an alliance with a bereaved representative of the opposite sex as did Mr. Pickwick when threatened with matrimonial entanglement with Mrs. Bardell, and quite frequently with less gratifying success.

Widows are shrewd. Men who have been managed once can be managed again. Widows know that, and infinitely prefer taking up a man's education where somebody else left it off to trailing a new consort; hence quite a number of protesting widowers are lassoed annually in spite of their resistance.

During the year 1897 the statistician studied matrimonial reports of the most populous districts of the eastern and middle states and discovered that time 46,343 widowers took 46,343 spinsters unto themselves to love, cherish and protect, while only 6,323 widows were so honored. As that arrangement disposed of but a small proportion of the lonely females, 10,625 of them were forced to find solace by taking as many single gentlemen from the realms of bachelorhood and transforming them into obedient benedicts.

Whether these facts will be of any special benefit to anybody, neither the scribe nor the statistician pretends to say. They are merely given for what they are worth as conditions of life.—Chicago Times-Herald.



# The Currency Question.

## AN AMERICAN SYSTEM.

Other Nation Could Part So Cheaply with Its Precious Metals as We Do.

It is a law of gravitation that small bodies of matter approach and mingle with large bodies, and it is a law of influence that draws people who have felt the generations the heavy hand of tyrannical government to seek to come under the protecting flag of a free and powerful government. It is this influence, this longing to escape the hard lot of oppression which they have suffered long under the misgovernment of Spain, that attracts the East and the West India colonies of that effete old monarchy to the young republic of America. Cuba may try playing at independent government for a while to satisfy the ambition of leaders, but when the people of that island find they can enjoy entire security and a larger degree of free government under the United States flag than by attempting to set up a nation of their own, the influence of the leading men of business will steadily struggle to become a colony of the United States, and enjoy all the freedom and business advantages of territorial or local self-government, with the protecting power of the United States to insure them safety against insurrections within and danger from powerful nations without.

The advantages which Porto Rico may enjoy as a colony of the United States over Cuba playing the role of nationality among powers of the world, would or will exert an irresistible influence to become a colonial, instead of a national power. The same influence which will shape the destinies of the West India islands will act similarly on the Philippines. The very decree of destiny will commend this country to the Pacific archipelago to reach a higher state of civilization and enjoy the blessing of liberty under local self-government.

The first problem these ten or twelve millions of people separated from the belief rule of Spain will be the financial problem. They will look to the United States to furnish money with which to prosecute business. There is no other source from which to draw than the United States, and there is no money supply equal that of silver, especially for the Pacific countries. The eastern people are a silver-using people, and their greatest demand will be for a large supply of silver coin. The Philippines furnished with American silver would draw not only the trade of these islands to us, but that of the entire eastern continent. This great demand would absorb all the silver our mines and those of Mexico could produce.

In regard to money and the money metals the United States holds a position entirely separate and distinct from all European nations. The latter have no silver mines worthy of notice. The silver and gold mines of the European continent have practically been exhausted centuries ago. The United States possesses the richest silver mines in the world. European nations have to purchase silver to keep up their supply of subsidiary coin, and it is an advantage to buy silver at half its coinage value as long as America is blind enough to sell the silver at such a ruinous rate.

In the matter of paper money the United States, when they issue paper money, issue it direct, but European governments deposit bonds in their government banks and the banks issue the notes. This is the privilege our gold bank trust is making such a desperate fight to retain and amplify.

Had Germany, France or England the rich silver mines that the United States possess, neither would sell its silver at half its money value to enrich other nations. The mints would be opened and money of full legal tender value would flow into the channels of trade increasing the power and wealth of the nation.

We have a triple, we might say a quadruple, incentive to turn the silver of our mines into money, in place of throwing it half away to benefit foreign nations. The United States have many times the territory of the combined territories of the three leading nations of Europe. We have three times the railroad mileage of these nations and our domestic trade is greater than that of those three nations combined, and it is sorely cramped for money to enlarge, increase and conduct it. Our silver mines with open mints would turn out at least \$100,000,000 per year which would enter into our circulating money without the purchase of a single dollar. The product of the miner would not only serve him in providing himself and family with the necessities and comforts of life, but would leave him like the mountain streams that washes his ore, and flow on helping to increase the volume and power of the great financial stream that gives life and activity to trade.

Now that we are about adding, or virtually adding, some 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 people to our nation, whose greatest need for development is a sufficient volume of money, and the kind of money they have been accustomed

to through all time—silver money—the demand on us to create our silver into money becomes doubly great. Our silver in the form of money would not as now flow in bullion to London to enrich a conclave of silver-broker Jews, but would flow across the Pacific, followed by every article of production known to this country of matchless energy, matchless skill and unequalled enterprise. The trade of the old east would flow back to seek more and more of our silver and the products of our skill and industry.

What could Europe do in a contest with such a nation able to supply, not only every article of merchandise and produce known to the temperate zone, but the money to energize that trade, and supply that stock of money without depleting our own volume of metallic money?

Silver money has not only been the chosen money of the eastern world, but it has always, and is to this day, the money of the masses of all nations. Gold is not a general circulating medium, never has been and never can be. The largest part of it is sacked and boxed up and is transferred from treasury to treasury and vault to vault, used almost entirely as a commercial counter, and by money speculators, who use it in connection with their bank credits to shrink and expand the currency and create panics and booms alternately in trade. Silver money cannot be handled and controlled in that way. It goes out among the people and responds to the demands of legitimate trade.

What the United States stands most in need of at this time, and especially at this particular juncture of affairs, is a system of finance conspicuously American. We have the money metals in large quantities in our own mountains to draw upon.

We have the national power and wealth that will sustain any requisite amount of paper money to transact all of our home business and stand up at par with gold at the start, and eventually demand a premium on gold if kept entirely under control of the government and excluded from interference by money-steering bankers.

With a government legal tender currency, and government banks for the accommodation of the people, where their deposits would always be safe. It would be but a short period till gold and silver would almost cease to be used by the people in their business, except the latter as change for fractions of a dollar.

There is a most potent and powerful reason for such result. The currency issued by the government is the people's money, because the government, our government is the people's government. The people have the same confidence in their government and their money issued by it as they have in themselves. This is not so to a great extent in monarchies. There the government belongs to a class separated from the people. There they are the subjects and have little love for their governing masters. Here the people are the government, and every issue of government currency has proven that the people treasure it as highly as gold and silver money. The greenbacks which have stood the test for more than 30 years, with the combined money powers of Europe and at home battling for their destruction, show how highly the people treasure their government's money.

With a national currency of full legal tender, with open mints sustaining the bullion value of the metals with their coin value, if foreign nations desired and valued coin above everything else we had to part with they could exchange products for it, but the metals could never be worth more than the legal tender paper of the government for satisfying the demands of debt, interest and taxes.

If our silver and gold flowed to other nations they would increase the world's stock of money, raise prices, and with a rise in the products of labor, the laborer would rise in his manhood and place civilization on a higher plane throughout the civilized world. The iron throne of debt with its chains of slavery hanging about it would begin to topple and the man would ere long be lifted above the dollar by having the shackles of debt broken which now bind him down.

With a purely American financial system all these blessings are not only possible but certain. The money power of the world would be shorn of half its strength, and the American nation and people would be exalted throughout the entire world, and what is of infinitely more importance, they would be exalted in their own esteem, worth and manhood.—E. E. Ewing, in Silver Knight-Watchman.

**Their Money Wasted.**  
"Silver Dick" Bland, of Missouri, was singled out by the gold combination for defeat in the late election, but their money was wasted in this instance and the silver champion was reelected. His constituency appreciate an able and incorruptible public servant.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.  
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**A Real Prize.**  
"If I had such a wife as Mrs. Negley I think I could be supremely happy."  
"Why, I don't consider her especially good looking, and it is easy to see that she isn't very clever."  
"I know, but when her husband starts to tell a funny story she doesn't assume the look of a martyr or try to change the subject."—Cleveland Leader.

Nothing so common as muscular pains and aches. St. Jacobs Oil cures.

Of all the letters in the alphabet, only two are O. K.—Golden Days.

Hard winter, hard aches. Hard rub with St. Jacobs Oil. Easy cure.

Somewhat it is easier to sympathize with a girl who gets a burn in cooking than with one who is burned in curling her hair.—Atchison Globe.

Hoax—"You know Schneider, the bottler, who recently became a magistrate?" Joax—"Yes." Hoax—"Well, he discharged a prisoner yesterday who was charged with stealing a dozen bottles of beer." Joax—"So?" Hoax—"Yes; Schneider said that wasn't enough to make a case."—Philadelphia Record.

"Is it true, my good man," said the kind-hearted lady who was working off some home-made cake on the tramp at the back door, "that you ancient gentlemen never take a bath?" "Mamah," said the tramp, proudly, "it is not true. Hardly a day passes that I go without my sun bath."—Yonkers Statesman.

"That," observed a friend of the family, "is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently. I believe, on a thousand different topics." "Yes," sighed her husband, "and she does."—Stray Stories.

Pleasant Memento—"What did that bigamist say?" "He said that before he went to the penitentiary he would like to have his 13 wives photographed in a group."—Detroit Free Press.

We are never altogether miserable so long as we can dream of something that would make us altogether happy.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

"I like a modest man," said Uncle Eben, "except when he makes his modesty an excuse for being too lazy to try."—Washington Star.

If a man gets into trouble in the right way, people are very sympathetic, but if he adds to his trouble as much as possible.—Atchison Globe.

Lots of people are deluded by the notion that they might know a good deal if only they could remember all they ever heard.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat.

## Half Sick Half Well

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and scaly and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this? Impure blood. And the remedy?

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the drowsy action of the liver; they cure biliousness.

**Write to our Doctor.**  
We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

## NOT ESTABLISHED.

Relationship Based on Remote Personages Was Difficult to Prove.

There is a young lady not far away who has a little private school and the other day she overheard the following conversation among her pupils:

It was Monday and one of them had evidently been much impressed with her Sunday school lesson of the day before, for as soon as another little girl came in, she astounded her by the announcement: "You are my sister."

"I'm not," said No. 2.  
"You are," said No. 1, "haven't you got a Father in Heaven?"

"Yes," grudgingly.  
"Well, so have I. Don't that make you my sister?"

No. 2 was entirely nonplussed at that and No. 1 correspondingly victorious; so when another little girl arrived upon the scene she thought she would try the same thing on her, too, and walking up before the newcomer announced as before: "You are my sister."

Now No. 3 happened to be a young lady of a very determined disposition and she declared just as firmly that she was nothing of the sort, and the "I'm nots" and "You are" flew very fast for a minute, until No. 1 brought out her knockdown argument: "Haven't you got a Father in Heaven?" and stood awaiting the answer with a victorious smile.

But imagine her chagrin and the teacher's amazement when the other sputtered forth: "No, I haven't, and you know it. I've just got one grandfather up there!" and strode on to her seat, leaving the enemy vanquished behind her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A slip, a sprain, a sting. Use St. Jacobs Oil—cured. No sling.

Black and blue are the universal football colors.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The cold keeps active the pain of Sciatica. St. Jacobs Oil drives it out.

Shingle your house before you plaster it.—Ram's Horn.

The path of ambition leads to a great many political graves.—Chicago Daily News.

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L. & M. NATURAL LEAF PLUG  
CLIPPER PLUG  
CORNER STONE PLUG  
SLEDGE PLUG  
SCALPING KNIFE PLUG  
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BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE  
DIDN'T USE

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Its hundreds of portraits, maps, scenes in Spain, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, are handsomely printed and are selected for their real value rather than for mere ornament. Many striking cartoons are reproduced from Spanish and French papers, showing what the Spanish thought of us, and how they believed they were beating us until the very end.

The history is being published by the Review of Reviews Co., which also publishes the American Monthly Review of Reviews, the monthly magazine. Lawyers, doctors, teachers, clergymen, business men, especially in the country, progressive farmers, and up-to-date people generally rely on this magazine to give them the timely news of the world; it also gives the best that is in the other important magazines all over the world. Its regular subscription price is \$5.00 per year.

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : Jan. 19, 1899.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**P. WAT HARDIN,**  
OF HARRODSBURG.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### For Representative.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH P. ROSE, of Lacy creek, Wolfe county, as a candidate for Representative in the next General Assembly from the counties of Wolfe and Morgan, subject to action of the Democratic party.

### For State Auditor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

PRIVATE letters received from a few prominent Democratic politicians of this congressional district bring the information that our advocacy of Mr. Chenault's nomination for auditor is bearing fruit in the several sections from which they emanate. One gentleman writes, "I do not know Mr. Chenault, the gentleman THE HERALD is endorsing for the nomination for state auditor, but I do know that since you espoused his cause no other name than his is mentioned in my neighborhood in connection with the office of auditor." Another gentleman, writing from another county, says: "You are right in saying that John B. Chenault will make the state a good auditor. I happen to have the honor of his acquaintance, and know him to be in every way qualified. As you put it, Mr. Cooper, he is a gentleman in every sense of the word—the very essence of excellence in all essentials which ennobles man—and should he receive the nomination you will have cause to be proud of the effort you are now making in his behalf, and the people will be proud of your action, for I personally know that Mr. Chenault is heart and soul identified with our interests," etc., etc. This is the first time we ever received personal letters commending our course in the advocacy of any man's claim for a state office, and the episode of the epistles is very encouraging. We feel, indeed, that we have struck the popular chord, and that we are in touch with the pulse of the people. When a list of the aspirants to the office of auditor was first submitted to us we picked Mr. Chenault as the man most likely to be acceptable to the people of the mountains, and indited several letters to individuals of our acquaintance by way of investigation. Finding him worthy and well qualified in answer to our inquiries, and recognizing the fact that he is our near neighbor we espoused his cause, and the more we investigate the more are we convinced that this man from Madison is the man for the people of the mountains to tie to. Prior to his announcement Mr. Chenault was personally unknown to us, save as a casual convention acquaintance, but from the first we were prepossessed in his favor and every week we hear something of or about him that impresses us still more favorably. If nominated and elected he is sure to prove "the right man in the right place," and with THE HERALD the people of all this region will rejoice.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

THE action of the state central committee, at Lexington on the 10th inst., gave Goebel a black eye that no political panacea can heal. The vindication of Mr. Dunlap in appointing new committeemen for Louisville vanquishes Mr. Goebel in Louisville and Jefferson county, and it will take an argus eye and a microscope to now discover the "bloom" of his gubernatorial boom. It seems to have bursted in Lexington, but "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" the heathen Chinese is not in it with the Kenton senator. If there be any way left by which he can control the convention when that body meets, he'll be there with his henchmen. The people, however, are for "Honest Wat Hardin for governor," and if Mr. Goebel attempts any chicanery they will "raise a little h— of their own."

Will somebody please tell us of a precinct in this glorious old commonwealth where the popular Democratic vote is not for Gen. P. Wat Hardin? We have watched the papers closely and we have as yet failed to find the place or people who are not for him. Once in a while some political "sore-head" bobs up in his sordidness and says some other man should secure the nomination. But that is only cumulative evidence that General Hardin is the choice of the people.

SOME months ago THE HERALD warned the Louisville Dispatch that in nursing Mr. Goebel it was likely to feel the sting of the serpent for its pains, and the attempt of that gentleman and the Halldemans to secure control of the Louisville committee, and thus down The Dispatch and Mr. Dunlap, indicates that the warning was prophetic.

### Goebel or Hardin.

There is more or less talk now-a-days by the people and newspapers as to who will be the Democratic nominee for Governor of Kentucky. If the signs of the times do not fail there is much political buncombe about the speculation on the subject. The race will inevitably narrow down between General Hardin and Mr. Goebel. The foundation is already laid in the very complexion of politics as they exist, and in the make-up of the two men. The division is a natural one and no amount of talk or number of candidates can change it.

Politics is a business of a few against the masses. Senator Goebel is a born political boss and a natural leader of machine politics.

General Hardin is a leader of the people—a bold and fearless champion of his rights—a man of conviction whom no power can swerve from what he believes to be his duty. The trend of affairs may be illustrated by two little incidents. Col. Bennett H. Young, a leader in Louisville said the other day in interview that Mr. Goebel would get the instructed vote of that city. The Democrats of Kentucky know, too well from experience, what Louisville politics is. Gen. Hardin has just returned from the Purchase where he has been in the interest of his candidacy and according to the Hopkinsville and Madisonville papers his tour through that country among the enthusiastic silver Democrats was one continued ovation.—Winchester Sun.

### How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

### New Reporter's Effort.

A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed was arrested on complaint of the man who was assaulted by the son of the man who was assaulted had killed.—Chicago News.

### Hardin Won't Talk.

A reporter of The Herald met Gen. Hardin after the committee adjourned, and asked him what he thought of the result. He said:

"I do not care to be interviewed on the subject, and the only thing I will say for publication is that I am still a candidate for Governor and expect to win."

The reporter met with better success, however, when he approached Captain "Jim" Williams and asked for an interview. Captain Williams was in a happy frame of mind over the result, and talked freely about it. He said:

"It is certainly a death blow to Goebel and a great thing for the Democratic party. He has no chance now of becoming Governor, for the simple reason he has lost both the Louisville city and county committee."

"Who do I think will secure the nomination? Why, nobody on earth except Wat Hardin, and he deserves it. I am for Blackburn and Bryan and the Democratic party. Wat Hardin has stuck to it and is deserving of something, and he will be the next Governor.—Lexington Herald.

## FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT



A complete stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Watches,—\$5.00 to \$25.00, and upward.

**FRED J. HEINTZ, Jeweler,**  
135 E. Main St., near Postoffice,  
LEXINGTON, KY.

## TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.  
CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000  
J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.  
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.  
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.  
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

## Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.  
N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.  
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier  
Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.  
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,19

## FOR SALE

Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my

Blacksmith, Carriage and

Wood-Workers' Tools,

consisting of the latest models. Also, Material and Supplies, a great variety and the best quality. Also,—

Two Saddle and Harness Horses,

GOOD ONES, aged 5 and 6 years, and perfectly safe for any one to drive. One First-class Buggy and Harness, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

Parties in need of any of the above, can secure bargains by calling on

JOHN H. ROSE, Hazel Green, Ky.

**J. TAYLOR DAY,**

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

General Merchandise, Lumber,

Real Estate, &c.

Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 20 cents per 100.

**DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY**

"Ring out the old Ring out the false Ring in the new Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

**DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey**

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a **Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure** for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the microbe-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

**SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS**  
Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes  
**BE SURE YOU GET**  
**Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey**

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never had any trouble equal to the Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grippe, colds, coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, Peabody, Ky.

## Greatest Clothing Sale

In the History of the Trade, At

**Louis & Gus Straus,**  
Lexington's Leading Clothing House.

We are badly overstocked in every department. We propose to sell you bargains when you want them and not when the season is over.

**JUST THINK OF A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT** at 99 cents. A beautiful satin-lined, Kersey overcoat, finest made, worth \$25.00, at \$12.50. 250 Boys' All-Wool Scotch Suits, double breasted, sizes 5 to 16 years, worth \$4, at \$2 a suit. Beautiful blue and black chevots, double breasted, up to 20 years old, worth \$10, at \$5.

Remember we have clothing for the Workingman—Farmer—Banker. We do not carry cheap trashy goods, but represent such manufacturers as Alfred Benjamin & Co., Straus Bros., Fechtmeier, Keifer & Co., and all the leading manufacturers of the United States. You cannot afford to miss this sale as you may never have another chance in your lifetime.

We are agents for "Newburgh Never-Rip Pants," and will give you 10 per cent. off on all goods.

Beautiful Natural Wool Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

The best Fleece-lined Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

100 dozen Fancy Shirts made by Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., at 75 cents. Price never named heretofore, and worth \$1.50.

You can afford to borrow money and pay interest to buy these goods at prices named.

**LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,**  
Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

## KENTUCKY WESLEYAN ACADEMY

AT CAMPTON.

### HISTORY

First Winter session opened Jan. 6, 1896.—110 students enrolled.  
Second Winter session opened Jan. 4, 1897.—165 students enrolled.  
Third Winter session opened Jan. 11, 1898.—185 students enrolled.  
Fourth Winter session will open Jan. 3, 1899. (prospects excellent).  
(These enrollments do not include public school.)

### WHY IS THE K. W. A. SO SUCCESSFUL?

- 1st. We do not encourage deadbeats nor tolerate persons of bad habits.
- 2nd. Those inclined to be untruthful, sporty or immoral are sent to other schools.
- 3rd. The students that we encourage are those who are earnest, steady, and who mean business.
- 4th. The moral and intellectual standard is high and improving from year to year.
- 5th. It has proved to be a safe place for young people.

### FACULTY

E. E. BISHOP, C. E. Graduate N. J. N. S., Valparaiso, Ind.  
C. J. NUGENT, A. B. Graduate K. W. C., Winchester, Ky.  
Mrs. E. E. BISHOP, Graduate in Business and Stenography, Bowling Green, Ky.  
Miss DAISY POLLOCK, Instructor in Music—Piano, Organ, Guitar, and Voice Culture.  
Rev. H. O. MOORE, Lecturer.  
Actual expenses lower than at any other school.  
Session closes day before teachers' examination in May.  
Send for winter announcement, or call and see for yourselves.

**E. E. BISHOP, Principal.**



## One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

## Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

## THE HERALD.

### Red River Valley Railway Co.'s TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt. Rothwell, Ky.

More than twenty persons are taking the teacher's work at the Academy.

Mrs. C. E. French, nee Mallie James, of Lexington, is visiting her mother at this place.

J. H. Wallin will preach in Presbyterian Church Sunday morning and night; everybody invited.

Elza and Asbury James visited Andy James, on Slate, Montgomery county, from Saturday until Tuesday.

Elder Jim Tom Pieratt left yesterday for Kansas, where he will on Saturday night preach his trial sermon.

Mrs. Ireland, who has been quite sick since December 17, is now much better and will soon be her usual self again.

The telephone line between the Academy Home and the principal's residence has been pay in and is in fine working order.

Mrs. Ida Cecil, who has been with her mother at this place for some months past, left Sunday for her home at Cedar Bluff, Va.

Jess Oldfield and Herbert Nickell, of Daysboro, started Sunday to Glencairn to bring home Tom Gillaspie, who has been sick with fever.

Mrs. Maggie Kash requests us to say to all who are indebted to her that she must have the money at once as she herself has obligations to meet.

**A GREAT** record of cures, unequalled in medical history, proves Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses merit unknown to any other **MEDICINE.**

Miss Ida Rose, of Lacy Creek, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Powell and Menefee counties arrived home Tuesday, much pleased with her trip.

Jake Teets, of the Teets Bros' circus has been here for the past ten days, and will leave Saturday to rejoin the show, which is at Newbern, N. C., in winter quarters.

There will be the regular services at the Christian Church Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Everybody will have a cordial welcome at both services.

On Friday night the 27th inst., there will be a debate at the Academy. Six young men will discuss the expansion question. Some out and hear them. The next debate will be on the 23d of February.

John H. Rose paid a flying visit to Stillwater Sunday to see his father and mother and little son Charlie, and he says Charlie's eyes are some better, though he still suffers from any kind of light.

There will be no paper next week. The editor being compelled to go to Lexington on business will avail of the opportunity of having no paper on hand and spend the week in soliciting ads for THE HERALD which, after his return he hopes to make better than ever.

Mrs. Lou Day, whose illness has been mentioned in these columns several times recently, is still confined to her bed. At times she gives hope that she may again be physically a well woman, but her mind continues to wander, and it has been feared all the while that even should she get well she will have no mind. She cannot be made to believe that she is at home, and on Tuesday to convince her two of her attendants supported her and walked her into the dining room and kitchen, etc., in the hope that she would recognize the place. But she did not, though she seems to know every body. However, her many friends still hope for the best.

John D. Rose, who killed Thompson Phipps in October last, was indicted for murder, but allowed to give bail in the sum of \$3,000, which he readily furnished.

Acting upon Gen. Joe Wheeler's suggestion to American educational institutions, the University of Tennessee has announced it will educate two Cubans, who may be recommended by the proper authorities.

The Filipinos, according to a dispatch from Manila to Madrid, refuse to liberate the Spanish prisoners on the demand of the Americans, claiming that such action might be construed as an act of submission.

The Sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are the largest in the world because the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are wonderful, perfect, permanent.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.

Miss DeMoss, teacher of music at the Academy, proves herself to be the teacher for the place. Her class is growing in number of pupils and interest. She will soon organize a night singing class. All who want to learn music from a competent teacher, should join her classes. The "do-re-mi" system is out of date; let her give you up-to-date instruction in singing.



The case of Swango and Pieratt, school trustees, against County School Superintendent Lacy, which was decided at the last term of the circuit court for the defendant, has been reversed by the Court of Appeals. The County Superintendent deposed Mort Pieratt as trustee and appointed in his stead John M. Rose. W. T. Swango, a hold-over trustee, with Mort Pieratt hired Ora Swango to teach the public school at this place. But when Rose was appointed he and Elza James, the other trustees, hired Miss Mallie James, who taught the five months' school. The action of the Court of Appeals, however, precludes the probability of her getting pay for her services unless the trustee who hired her are amenable under the agreement.

## LA GRIPPE IS CONTAGIOUS.

Atmosphere Impregnated With Germs.

Disease Proved Beyond Question to Be Infectious.—Is Rapidly Conquering the Country.

LaGrippe is a contagious disease. Its specific germ has been positively identified, and it is transmitted from person to person either by direct contact or by inhaling the germs while they float in the air. It is a dangerous disease, lowering the vitality and wasting the resistive power so that pneumonia, heart disease, nervous prostration and insanity find easy victims. No specific is known that will kill the Grip germ, but it may be driven out and its effects overcome by the prompt use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

"La Grippe left my nervous system so racked and shattered that I could not sleep and for two months was under the influence of narcotics. Physicians and friends gave me up to die; but in two days after I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine I began to improve, and in a month's time I was entirely cured. It is the greatest health restorer on earth."

D. W. HILTON, Louisville, Ky.  
All druggists are authorized to sell Dr. Miles' Nervine on a guarantee that first bottle benefits or money refunded. Be sure and get Dr. Miles' Nervine. Booklet on heart and Nerves sent free. Address  
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## Hazel Green Academy.

Normal and Preparatory School.

PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS.

English Course;  
Latin Scientific Course;  
Preparatory Classical Course;  
Preparatory Ministerial Course;  
Teacher's Course;  
Business Course;  
Musical Courses.

Thorough work in every department.

Attendance now the best in the history of the school.

Second term began January 2nd and ends June 7th, 1899.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.

Jan. 19, 1899.

THE HARTFIELD, Headquarters Mt. Sterling, Ky., REPRESENTS

QUIGGENHEIMER & Co.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Goods. We manufacture the well known "BEATS-ALL" Pants and Overalls. Hold your orders until you see him.

FRUITS. FLOWERS. SHADE.

## The Blue-Grass Nurseries!

FALL 1898.

Everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden. Fruits and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Small Fruits, Rhubarb, Asparagus, and all stock grown in Nurseries.

Prices reasonable, as we employ no agents.

Descriptive Catalogue on application.

H. F. HILLENMEYER,

LEXINGTON, KY.

PHONE 278.

G. B. MALONEY. J. B. ADAMS.

MALONEY & ADAMS,

SILVERSMITHS AND JEWELERS,

LEE CITY, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.



Repair Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all kinds, at the lowest prices, and guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Special attention to orders by mail.

R. H. BRYAN,

SALESMAN FOR

Pearson & Clark,

WHOLESALE + GROCERS,

LEXINGTON, KY.



GENERAL W. R. SMITH,

LEXINGTON, KY.,

For circular of his famous and responsible

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KY. UNIVERSITY

Awarded Medal at World's Exposition.

Refers to thousands of graduates in positions.

Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Books and Board in family, about \$30.

Shorthand, Type-Writing, and Telegraphy, Specialties.

For The Kentucky University Diploma, under seal, awarded graduates. Laboratory Course free, if desired.

No vacation. Enter now. Graduates successful.

In order to have your letters reach us, address only, GENERAL WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

Note: Kentucky University reopens, \$50.00, and has nearly 1000 students in attendance last year.

O. F. HARRISON+

Attorney-at-Law,

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.

451 W. JEFFERSON STREET,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

Post No Bills on this wall.

MRS. S. B. KASH,

Fashionable Milliner,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest

## H. F. PIERATT,

DEALER IN

General Merchandise,  
**LIVE STOCK**  
and Country Produce.

QUALITY OF GOODS THE BEST  
and PRICES THE LOWEST.

## H. F. PIERATT'S LIVERY STABLE.

I have constantly on hand Horses, Buggies and Covered Hacks, suitable for Drummers, and will convey parties to any point in Eastern Kentucky on reasonable terms. Write or telephone me and I will meet you at either McCausey or Torrent.

## ALL PARTIES INDEBTED TO ME

By note or account will please call and settle, as I need money. Otherwise I will certainly proceed according to law. I have waited, and waited patiently, and now I must have my money.

## LAST TAX NOTICE.

Those who have not paid their taxes must pay the same at once, as I WILL WAIT NO LONGER. A levy will be made in Ten (10) Days, and then there will be "a hot time in the old town tonight." Don't neglect this, as it will save me trouble and you much expense.

Respectfully,

H. F. PIERATT,

Deputy Sheriff Wolfe County.

## W. T. CASKKEY,

DEALER IN

General Merchandise,  
COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
COUNTY, STATE,  
and SCHOOL CLAIMS,  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

## GRASS SEED AND GROCERIES

A SPECIALTY.

SCHOOL BOOKS, HATS & CAPS,  
STATIONERY, BOOTS & SHOES,  
**CLOTHING,**  
Dry Goods, Notions,  
**DRUGS**

## HARD-, TIN-, AND QUEENSWARE.

Everything usually kept in a General Store. **LARGEST STOCK & LOWEST PRICES.** Prompt attention. Full value for your money and no better place to trade. Call and examine my stock and learn my prices before buying elsewhere.

Yours to please,

**W. T. CASKKEY.**



## THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

### OLD-TIME PERFUMES.

Interesting Directions for Dainty Odors Taken from a Book Published in 1656.

In a quaint little volume of 1656 are to be found a number of dainty directions for the making of perfumes. Innumerable are the ingredients to be used—quite "all sorts and conditions" many of which are the flowers of the botanist. Roses were popular, while gum Benjamin held a prominent place among these blossoms. An interesting recipe to "perfume water" is copied from this book:

"Take malmesey or any kind of sweet water, then take lavender, spike, sweet marjoram, balme, orange picles, thyme, basil, clover, bay leaves, woodbine flowers, red and white roses, and still them all together."

Surely this is a remarkable concoction, and the many sweet-scented flowers could scarcely help but make a very sweet perfume.

Two interesting perfumes come next, "King Edward's perfume" and "Queen Elizabeth's perfume." The former had markedly different material in his cologne water from that of her majesty. Among the directions for King Edward's were 12 spoonfuls of light-red rose water, with many other ingredients, the most important of which seems to be "the weight of sixpence in fine powder of sugar." Then, after "boiling it on hot embers and coals softly, and the house will smell as though it were full of roses, but you must burn the sweet express wood before, to take away the grosse nire."

Certainly these dainty directions would not in any way come amiss today. Her majesty had quite a different course of treatment in her perfume. "Eight spoonfuls of compound water, the weight of twopence in fine powder of sugar;" and then this mixture, too, like her royal brother, is to "boil on hot embers and coals softly." After that is to be added "sweet marjoram dried in the sun, and the weight of twopence of the powder of Benjamin." The final word of Elizabeth's recipe is "This perfume is very sweet and good for the time."

Turning a few pages back, one finds instructions for what would seem a difficult perfume to make, but a very sweet one to possess. It belonged to no crowned head in those centuries long ago, and no fancy title was accredited to it—merely it was called: "To make a sweet smell." It then goes on to the laborious directions, saying: "Take the maste of a sweet apple tree, being gathered betwixt the two lady dayes." (So many times in these old perfumes such is made of the ingredients being picked before sunrise, between certain days, etc.). This then is put into the inevitable dish of damask rose water and dried in a plate in the oven. While drying, it is to be wet two or three times with rose water, and then an ounce of Benjamin and an ounce of storax of calamintae are to be beaten to a powder and added with a few rose leaves.

"Then you may put what sort of smell you will bestow, as much civet or ambergreese, and heat all together in a pomander or a bracelet."

Another interesting compound is called: "To make an excellent perfume to burn betwixt two rose leaves." The ingredients of which are juniper storax, water of cloves, musk, gum dragon, which are all to be pounded to a paste and rolled into little pieces the size of a pea. These are then to be put between two rose leaves, and drying them thus together on a dish in the oven the sweet smell is said to be most pleasant. The following recipe is not unlike the one just given:

"Take a quarter of a pound of damask rose buds, cut clean from the whites, stamp very small, put to them a good spoonful of damask rose water, so let them stand close stopped all night."

The whole is to be mixed and beaten well together and made up into little cake layers between two rose leaves and dried between sheets of paper. There are many more attractive perfumes and conserves told of in this quaint old book, which would scarce hold the interest of anyone, there being a sameness to them. Only to the botanist, perhaps, does the true love of these queer things come, when he reads the long list of his flowers that these 2½ centuries old people used in their weird compoundings and perfumes.—N. Y. Sun.

### Fine Churches in Manila.

By far the most striking characteristic of Manila is the number, size and splendor of the religious edifices. Though the walled area is only about 250 acres in extent, within these limits are half a dozen churches, including a cathedral. The spires and bell towers of these massive structures form the most picturesque characteristic feature of the city. The oldest of the existing churches, that of St. Augustine, was founded more than 200 years ago. That it has withstood the typhoons and earthquakes of three centuries is proof of its solidity and also of the ability of its architect, a nephew of the builder of the Escorial at Madrid.—Chicago Chronicle.

### THE CLAIM IS FALSE.

Absurd and Impossible Assumptions of Gold Standard Advocates.

There is not a single objection to bimetalism that rests upon any broader or better basis than the technical quibbles, false analogies, and naked assumptions which characterize their affirmative claims in favor of gold. Take the claim that bimetalism is impracticable, or, as some put it, impossible. What objections are offered to it? Why, we are told that "we cannot have two standards of value any more than we can have two standards of length." A distinguished citizen of Nebraska, and a prominent member of the "Sound Money league," has been reported as saying that to him "two standards of value are utterly unthinkable." If he used that expression it merely proves the "unthinkable" character of the apparatus which he carries around on his shoulders and which he probably thinks is a thinker. The truth is that there are different standards of various kinds.

The French meter is a standard of length and the American yard is another. The avoirdupois pound is a standard of weight and so is a pound troy. There are no less than three different standards by which heat is measured, and so with other things. But these standards are easily adjusted, one to another, and it requires no great intellect to make the adjustment. It is equally so with standards of value. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a "standard" of value, because the word "standard" implies fixity, while values are all the time changing. A money "standard" is merely a system by which values are computed. Different countries have different systems and different units. England has the pound sterling of gold. India has the silver rupee, artificially raised above the level of silver bullion. China has four different kinds of silver taels; we have the dollar, etc., etc. But the difference between these various units or standards are easily calculated. It does not require a mind of any great thinking power to enable one to understand the difference. Commerce is going right on between countries with different money systems. The most ordinary clerk can convert pounds into rupees, or dollars into taels, and without any very labored effort at thinking, either. The idea which called out this unique expression is this: If we attempt to establish bimetalism by admitting both metals to free exchange it is claimed that gold will at once go to a premium, the parity will be broken and we will have two standards of value, which the gentleman says is "unthinkable." Now, suppose just that should take place and gold should go to a premium of, say, 50 per cent. What would that mean? Simply that two gold dollars would be equal to three silver dollars. Surely no man can be so utterly destitute of intelligence as to be unable to comprehend as plain a proposition as that. In the face of the whole monetary history of the world the gold men assume that the very moment gold and silver parted company (if they did part) our finances would fall into confusion worse confounded, and ruin follow. Just how the ruin would come they never attempt to explain, save by a series of propositions that are both absurd and impossible.

O. J. WARNER.

### ALGERISM IS COSTLY.

When the Claims for Pensions Come In They Will Be Overwhelming.

Ours is the only country in the world which does not allow its soldiers to become disabled or invalidated in its service without compensation. In recognition of this principle we are now paying \$140,000,000 a year as the pension cost of a war which came to an end more than a third of a century ago.

The precedent which we have thus established is binding on us now, and the disabled soldiers of the Spanish war have a claim on the country for pensions which congress is certain to recognize.

How large this pension liability will be is something which cannot be even estimated. There are, however, certain indications which are both interesting and instructive. For instance, in the Fifth Missouri regiment, mustered out at Kansas City, in a single company, not less than 45 members put in claims for ailments which they swore were contracted in the service while in camp at Chickamauga and Lexington.

This regiment was never within half a thousand miles of any enemy except the war department. The men are suffering from impaired hearing and vision and more physical injuries, and in nearly every case they make oath that the cause were bad quarters and bad water.

In other words, these men are the victims of Algerism. If there is anything like the same portion of disabilities throughout the army—and the experience of many other regiments was much the same, and even worse—the cost of Algerism will be greater than all the other expenses of the war put together.—N. Y. World.

—Boodle and bluff work all right in some states, but honest and plucky old Missouri is neither to be bought nor bullied into a surrender of her democracy.—St. Louis Republic.

### WHAT BRYAN SAYS.

Free Silver Will Prove a Strong Factor in the Next Presidential Campaign.

Col. Bryan, in an interview, said: "While I do not understand that service in the volunteer army prevents a soldier from having and expressing opinions upon political questions, I declined to take part in the late campaign lest I should be accused by partisan opponents of attempting to embarrass the administration. Now that the election is over I shall exercise the citizen's privilege of discussing the returns."

"Compared with the election of 1896, the republicans have gained in some places and lost in others. It was not a sweeping republican victory. On the whole the result was not surprising when it is remembered that the administration is just concluding a successful war."

"While a majority of the soldiers are probably anti-republicans, the management of the war has been entirely in republican hands, and the strongest argument used during the campaign was that a republican defeat would discredit the president in the eyes of foreign nations while his commissioners were engaged in making a treaty."

"It was not a trial upon the issues now before the people, but a successful plea for a continuance of the case."

"The people have not accepted the gold standard; they have not fallen in love with the plan to give the banks a monopoly of the issue of paper money; they have not decided to 'retire the greenbacks'; they have not surrendered to the trusts."

"These questions were forced into the background by the declaration of war, but they must be faced again as soon as peace is restored."

"The Chicago platform presents for public consideration certain vital economic questions. That platform has not been abandoned by those who incurred it in 1896. It will be reaffirmed in 1900, because it gives expression to the hopes and aspirations of a large majority of the party."

"When the democrats, populists and silver republicans favored Cuban independence they understood that war would give a temporary advantage to the party in power; but they were willing to risk defeat in order to aid a people fighting to be free."

"Neither can the election be regarded as an endorsement of any definite policy. Until a treaty of peace has been entered into and the terms made known, the people cannot pass judgment upon it. Whether the war will raise any question of sufficient importance to turn public attention away from domestic problems remains to be seen."

In regard to the Nebraska election he said:

"A light vote was cast in Nebraska but the fusionists have elected the entire state ticket and carried the same congressional district that they carried in '96. If Senator Allen is defeated for reelection it will be because senators are elected by legislature instead of by the people. If a republican senator is chosen by the new legislature he will go to Washington to represent a minority of the people of the state and to thwart the will of the majority."—N. Y. World.

### PRESS COMMENTS.

—Apologists for the trusts assert that trust management puts an end to strikes. The window glass trust has started a month late owing to disagreement on wages. Trust managers are not usually philanthropists. They pay "market" wages, and not a cent more than they are compelled to.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—Mr. Dingley has evidently found the war tax to be the working member of the revenue family. That is why he is unwilling to change it, and thereby force alterations in his tariff measure that will lower the profits of the manufacturer by putting additional import duties into Uncle Sam's treasury.—St. Louis Republic.

—The people may expect the coming two years to witness a striking increase in the activity of the trusts. The way monopoly stocks jumped up on "change the day after election showed the estimate put by the beneficiaries of the trusts upon the value to their pockets of the transfer of complete governmental power to the republican party.—N. Y. Journal.

—The persistent and heavily increased deficit since the Dingley law went into operation shows its failure as a revenue producer, while large exports of domestic manufactures underselling the foreigners in their own markets demonstrate the absurdity of its protective features. In short, the protectionist theory has been exploded, as a political issue it is dead as a door nail.—N. Y. Herald.

—Senator Hanna in an interview said that the tariff would have to be revised "to meet existing conditions—because under the present tariff we are not deriving enough revenue to support to government." Dingleyism is thus virtually discredited by the one man more than any other responsible for its existence. It is a confession that the republican party is starting out to steal its way in the democratic position of a tariff for revenue only.—St. Louis Republic.

### AN ADMIRER OF WOMEN.

A Matrimonial Repenter Who Got More Enamored with Each Subsequent Wife.

I was riding along the road leading across Hurricane gap, in the Pine mountain range, thinking of the peculiar people who range in these fastnesses, when I was startled by a voice up the hillside calling to me to come up and give somebody a lift. I had no idea who owned the voice, but I whooped it was in trouble, and I responded and found a man of 60 or more and unable to get away. He wasn't hurt, and I soon had him on his feet, and he insisted on my stopping further down the mountain and taking dinner with him. He lived in a well-kept cabin with his daughter, and after dinner we sat in the shade of a tree in the yard and he told me about himself.

"Air you married?" he asked, after he told me he was a widower.

"No, but I hope to be some day," I answered, quite sincerely.

"You ought to be; every man ought to be; a man that ain't showin' a right feelin' to's what the Lord's done for him, thar ain't nothin' on the face uv God's green earth that is a patchin' to a woman, I don't keer what kind she is."

"You're hale and hearty yet," I said, "and I don't see why you don't take some of your own advice."

"Don't crowd the mourners, mister," he said, waving his hand as if warding off my attack. "Don't you crowd the mourners, I'm figgerin' on severl' sht which one to pick. I've been married four times, and every time my notion uv women has got so much higher that I'll be derned ef I don't kinder look forrerd to losin' a wife jist fer the satisfaction uv gittin' another one."

The idea was so entirely new that I was overcome by it.—Washington Star.

### Her Gues.

He—For a week I have not slept an hour at a time. I have tossed upon my bed night after night, only to arise weary and depressed in the morning. I cannot eat, I cannot and so on and am weighed down with one all pervading thought. It is with me in my waking hours. It is with me in my dreams.

She—Ah, it is too bad. I'm sorry for you.

Marie, have you not guessed what it is that troubles me?

"Yes, You're afraid there may be another call for men and you'll have to go and fight."

An hour afterward he was still walking around in a circle and wondering whether she really meant it or not.—Chicago Evening News.

### Confession of a Millionaire.

A millionaire confessed the secret of his success in two words—hard work. He said he put in the best part of his life in gaining dollars and losing health, and now he was putting in the other part in spending dollars to get back health. Nothing equals Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for restoring health to the overworked body and brain. It gets at the starting point—the stomach—and overcomes nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and indigestion.

### Meanness Personified.

"Did I understand you to say that dress you admired so much to-day was a dream?" inquired Mr. Smokeheart.

"Yes," answered his wife hopefully.

"Well," he proceeded very kindly, "you keep your hand on it when you are to sleep to-night and maybe you will dream one of your own."—Washington Star.

### For California Tourists.

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### An Authority.

Willie—Mamma, what does making a bad break mean?

"You'd better ask your father, Willie."—Indianapolis Journal.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day

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Cheek Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

It's pretty hard for some men to keep their warts down to their incomes.—Chicago Daily News.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Piso's Cure.—Mary Thomson, 294 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 10, '94.

Money makes the mare go, but that is not relieved to be wholly due to her sex.—Town Topics.

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## DAWN OF A CENTURY

Dr. Talmage Preaches of the Brightness in Which It Comes.

America To-day the Chosen Nation of God—What the Old Century Leaves Behind It—Christianity is Spreading.

[Copyright, 1898.]

This sermon of Dr. Talmage is an anticipation of things near at hand and urges preparation for stirring events; text, I Chronicles, 12:32: "The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

Great tribe, that tribe of Issachar. When Joab took the census, there were 145,600 of them. Before the almanac was born, through astrological study, they knew from stellar conjunctions all about the seasons of the year. Before agriculture became an art they were skilled in the raising of crops. Before politics became a science they knew the temper of nations, and whenever they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a three-colored flag—topaz, sardine and varnicle. But the chief characteristic of that tribe of Issachar was that they understood the times. They were not like the political and moral incompetents of our day, who are trying to guide 1898 by the theories of 1828. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times, not the times when America was 13 colonies huddled together along the Atlantic coast, but the times when the nation dips one hand in the ocean on one side the continent and the other hand in the ocean on the other side the continent; times which put New York Narrows and the Golden Horn of the Pacific within one flash of electric telegraphy; times when God is as directly, as positively, as solemnly, as tremendously addressing us through the daily newspaper and the quick revolution of events as he ever addressed the ancients or addresses us through the Holy Scriptures. The voice of God in Providence is as important as the voice of God in typology for in our own day we have had our final with thunders of the Almighty, and Calvaries of sacrifice, and Gethsemanes that sweat great drops of blood, and Olivets of ascension, and Mount Pisgahs of far-reaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world 6,000 years ago and sent his Son to redeem it near 1,900 years ago has yet much to do with this radiant but agonized planet. May God make us like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

The grave of this century will soon be dug. The cradle of another century will soon be rocked. There is something moving this way out of the eternities, something that thrills me, blanches me, appalls me, exhilarates me, enraptures me. It will wreath the orange blossoms for millions of weddings. It will beat the dirge for millions of obsequies. It will carry the gilded banners of brightest mornings and the black flags of darkest midnights. The world will play the grand march of its heroes and sound the regues' march of its cowards. Other processions may halt or break down or fall back, but the procession led by that leader moves steadily on and will soon be here. It will preside over coronations and de-thronements. I hail it! I hail it! I welcome it! The twentieth century of the Christian era.

What may we expect of it and how shall we prepare for it are the momentous questions I propose now to discuss. As in families human nativity is anticipated by all sanctity and kindness and solemnity and care and hopefulness, so ought we prayerfully, hopefully, industriously, confidently prepare for the advent of a new century. The nineteenth century must not treat the twentieth on its arrival as the eighteenth century treated the nineteenth. Our century inherited the wrecks of two revolutions and the superstitions of age. Around its cradle stood the armed assassin of old world tyrannies; the "reign of terror," bequeathing its horrors; Robespierre, plotting his diabolism; the Jacobin club, with its wholesale massacre; the guillotine, chopping its beheadments. The ground quaking with the great guns of Marengo, Wagram and Badajos. All Europe in convulsion. Asia in comparative quiet, but the quietness of death. Africa in the clutches of the slave trade. American savages in full cry, their scalping knives lifted. The exhausted and poverty struck people of America sweating under the debt of \$200,000,000, which the revolutionary war had left them. Washington just gone into the long sleep at Mount Vernon, and the nation in bereavement. Aaron Burr, the champion libertine, becoming soon after vice president. The government of the United States only an experiment, most of the philosophers and statesmen and governments of the earth prophesying it would be a disgraceful failure. No poor foundling laid at night on the cold steps of a mansion, to be picked up in the morning, was poorer off than this century at its nativity. The United States govern-

ment had taken only 12 steps on its journey, its constitution having been formed in 1789 and most of the nations of the earth laughed at our government in its first attempts to walk alone.

The birthday of our nineteenth century occurred in the time of war. Our small United States navy, under Capt. Truxton, commanding the frigate Constitution, was in collision with the French frigates La Vengeance and L'Insurgente, and the first infant cries of this century were drowned in the roar of naval battle. And political strife on this continent was the hottest, the parties rending each other with pantherine rage. The birthday present of this nineteenth century was vituperation, public unrest, threat of national demolition and horrors national and international. I adjure you, let not the twentieth century be met in that awful way, but with all brightness of temporal and religious prospects.

First, let us put upon the cradle of the new century a new map of the world. The old map was black with too many barbarisms and red with too many slaughters and pale with too many sufferings. Let us see to it that on that map, so far as possible, our country from ocean to ocean is a Christianized continent—schools, colleges, churches and good homes in long line from ocean beach to ocean beach. On that map Cuba must be free, Porto Rico must be free. The archipelago of the Philippines must be free. If cruel Spain expects by procrastination and intrigue to get back what she has surrendered, then the warships Iowa and Indiana and Brooklyn and Texas and Vesuvius and Oregon must be sent back to southern waters or across to the coast of Spain to silence the insolence, as decidedly as last summer they silenced the Cristobal Colon and Oquendo and Maria Teresa and Vizcaya. When we get those islands thoroughly under our protectorate, for the first time our missionaries in China will be safe. The atrocities imposed on those good men and women in the so-called Flowery Kingdom will never be resumed, for our guns will be too near Hong-Kong to allow the massacre of missionary settlements.

On that map must be put the isthmian canal, begun if not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive communication by rail train, and more millions will be added to our national wealth and the world's betterment than I have capacity to calculate.

On the map which we will put on the cradle of the new century we must have very soon a railroad bridge across Bering strait, those 36 miles of water, not deep, and they are spotted with islands capable of holding the piers of a great bridge. And what with America and Asia thus connected and Siberian railway, and a railroad now projected for the length of Africa, and Palestine and Persia and India and China and Burma intersected with railroad tracks, all of which will be done before the new century is grown up the way will be open to the quick civilization and evangelization of the whole world. The old map we used to study in our boyish days is dusty and on the top shelf or amid the rubbish of the garret, and so will the present map of the world, however gilded and beautifully bound, be treated, and an entirely new map will be put into the infantile hand of the coming century.

The work of this century has been to get ready. All the earth is now free to the Gospel except two little spots, one in Asia and one in Africa, while at the beginning of the century there stood the Chinese wall and there flamed the fires and there glittered the swords that forbade entrance to many islands and large reaches of continent. Barbarian cruelties and Fiji island cannibalism have given way, and all the gates of the continents are swung open with a clang that has been a positive and glorious invitation for Christianity to enter. Telegraph, telephone and phonograph are to be consecrated to Gospel dissemination, and, instead of the voice that gains the attention of a few hundred or a few thousand people within the church walls, the telegraph will thrill the glad tidings and the telephone will utter them to many millions. Oh, the infinite advantage that the twentieth century has over what the nineteenth century had at the starting!

In preparation for this coming century we have time in the intervening years to give some decisive strokes at the seven or eight great evils that curse the world. It would be an assault and battery upon the coming century by this century if we allowed the full blow of present evils to fall upon the future. We ought somehow to cripple or maim some of these abominations. Alcoholism is to-day triumphant, and are we to let the all-devouring monster that has throttled this century seize upon the next without first having filled his accursed hide with stinging arrows enough to weaken and stagger him? We have wasted about 25 years. How so? While we have been waiting for the law of the land to prohibit intoxicants we have done little to quench the thirst of appetite in the palate and tongue of a whole generation. Where are the public and enthusiastic meetings that used to be held 30 years ago for the one purpose of persuading the

young and middle aged and old that strong drink is poisonous and damning? When will we learn that we must educate public opinion up to a prohibitory law or such a law will not be passed or if passed will not be executed? God grant that all state and national legislatures may build up an impassable wall, shutting out the alcoholic abomination. But while we wait for that let us, in our homes, in our schools and our churches and on our platforms and in our newspapers, persuade the people to stop taking alcoholic stimulant unless prescribed by physicians, and then persuade physicians not to prescribe it if in all the fountains of therapeutics there may be found some other remedy.

Oh, save the young man of to-day and greet the coming century with a tidal wave of national redemption! Do not put upon the cradle of the twentieth century a mountain of demijohns and beer barrels and rum jugs and put to its infant lips wretchedness, disease, murder and abandonment in solution. Aye, reform that army of inebriates. "Ah," you say, "it cannot be done!" That shows that you will be of no use in the work. "O ye of little faith!" Away back in early times President Davis, of Princeton college, one day found a man in utter despair because of the thrall of strong drink. The president said to him: "Sir, be of good cheer. You can be saved. Sign the pledge." "Ah," said the despairing victim, "I have often signed the pledge, but I have always broken my pledge." "But," said the president, "I will be your strength to keep the pledge. I will be your friend and with a loving arm around you will hold you up. When your appetite burns, and you feel that you must gratify it, come to my house. Sit down with me in the study or with the family in the parlor, and I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, my love, my money, I will do. You shall forget your appetite and master it." A look of hope glowed on the poor man's face, and he replied: "Sir, will you do all that?" "Surely I will." "Then I will overcome." He signed the pledge and kept it. That plan of President Davis which saved one man, tried on a large scale, will save a million men.

Alexander the Great made an imperial banquet at Babylon, and, though he had been drinking the health of guests all one night and all the next day, the second night he had 20 guests, and he drank the health of each separately. Then, calling for the cup of Hercules, the giant, a monster cup, he filled and drank it twice to show his endurance; but as he finished the last draught from the cup of Hercules, the giant, he dropped in a fit, from which he never recovered. Alexander, who had conquered Sardinia and conquered Hellenas and conquered Asia and conquered the world, could not conquer himself, and there is a threatening peril that this good land of ours, having conquered all with whom it has ever gone into battle, may yet be overthrown by the cup of the giant evil of the land—that Hercules of intemperance, strong drink. Do not let the staggering and bloated and embruted host of drunkards go into the next century looking for insane asylums and almshouses and delirium tremens and dishonored graves.

There are thousands of married people who are unhappy and they ought never to have wedded. They were deceived, or they were reckless, or they were fools, or they were caught by impulse, or lured by a curl, or married in joke, or expected a fortune and it did not come, or good habits turned to brutality, and hence the domestic wreck, but make divorce less easy and you make the human race more cautious about entering upon lifetime alliance. Let people understand that marriage is not an accommodation train that will let you leave a mistress where, but a through train, and then they will not step on the train unless they expect to go clear through to the last depot. One brave man this coming winter, rising amid the white marble of yonder Capitol hill, could offer a resolution upon the subject of divorce that could keep out of the next century much of the free lovin' and dissoluteness which have cursed this century.

Another thing that we need to get fixed up before the clock shall strike 12 on that night of centennial transition is the expulsion of war by the power of arbitration. Within the next three years we ought to have, and I hope will have, what might be called "a jury of nations," which shall render verdict on all controverted international questions. All civilized nations are ready for it. Great Britain with a standing army of 210,000 men, France with a standing army of 550,000 men, Germany with a standing army of 600,000 men, Russia with a standing army of 900,000 men. Europe with standing armies of about 3,500,000 men, the United States proposing a standing army of 100,000 men. What a glorious idea, that of disarmament! What an emancipation of nations and centuries! The czar of Russia last summer proposed it in world resounding manifesto. Disarmament! What an inspiring and Heaven descending through. In some quarters the czar's manifesto was treated with derision, and we were told that he was not in earnest when he made it. I know personally that he did mean it. Six years ago he expressed to

me the same theory in his palace at Peterhof, he then being on the way to the throne, not yet having reached it. His father, Alexander III., then on the throne, expressed to me in his palace the same sentiments of peace, and his wife, the then empress, with tears in her eyes, said, in reply to my remarks: "Your majesty, there will never be another great war between Christian nations." "Ah, I hope there never will be! If there should ever be another great war, I am sure it will not start from this palace."

What a boon to the world if Russia and Germany and England and the United States could safely disband all their standing armies and dismantle their fortresses and spike their guns! What uncounted millions of dollars would be saved, and, more than that, what a complete cessation of human slaughter! What an improvement of the morals of nations! What an adoption of that higher and better manifesto which was set to music and let down from the midnight heavens of Bethlehem ages ago! The world has got to come to this. Why not make it the peroration of the nineteenth century? Are we going to make a present to the twentieth century of reeking hospitals and dying armies and hemispheric graveyards? Do you want the hoofs of other cavalry horses on the breasts of fallen men? Do you want other harvest fields gullied with wheels of gun carriages? Do you want the sky glaring with conflagration of other homesteads? Ah, this nineteenth century has seen enough of war. Make the determination that no other century shall be blasted with it.

Will it not be grand if on the first day of the twentieth century the last will and testament of the nineteenth century shall be opened and it shall be found to read: "In the name of God, amen. I, the dying century, do make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my heir, the twentieth century, peace of nations; swords, which I direct to be beaten into plowshares, and spears, which must be turned into pruning hooks; armories, to be changed into schoolhouses, and fortresses to be rebuilt into churches, and I order that greater honors be put on those who save life than upon those who destroy it. And if amid the universal peace now attained those two nations, Spain and Turkey, do not stop their cruelties, let the other nations, banded together, exterminate a police force to wipe those countries off the map of nations as a wet sponge wipes from a boy's slate at school a hard sum in arithmetic. This last will I sign and seal and deliver on the 31st day of December, in the year of our Lord 1900, all the civilized nations of earth and all the glorified nations of Heaven witnessing."

But what we do as individuals, as churches, as nations, as continents, we must do very soon, if we want the transition from century to century to be a worthy transition, for I hear the trumpets of the approaching century and the clattering hoofs of the host it leads on. It has been a custom in all Christian lands for people to keep watch night as an old year goes out and a new year comes in. People assemble in churches about ten o'clock of that last night of the old year, and they have prayers and songs and sermons and congratulations until the hands of the church clock almost reach the figure 12, and then all bow in silent prayer, and the scene is mightily impressive, until the clock in the tower of the church or the clock in the tower of the city hall strikes 12, and then all rise and sing with smiling face and jubilant voice the grand doxology, and there is a shaking of hands all around.

But what a tremendous watch night the world is soon to celebrate! This century will depart at 12 o'clock of the 31st of December of the year 1900. What a night that will be, whether starlit or moonlit or dark with tempest! It will be such a sight as you and I never saw. Those who watched the coming in of the nineteenth century long ago went to their pillows of dust. Here and there one will see the new century arrive who saw this century, yet they were too infantile to appreciate the arrival. But on the watch night of which I speak in all neighborhoods and towns and cities and continents audiences will assemble and bow in prayer, waiting for the last breath of the dying century, and when the clock shall strike 12 there will be a solemnity and an overwhelming awe such as have not been felt for 100 years, and then all the people will arise and chant the welcome of a new century of joy and sorrow, of triumph and defeat, of happiness and woe, and neighborhood will shake hands with neighborhood, and church with church, and city with city, and continent with continent, and hemisphere with hemisphere, and earth with Heaven, at the stupendous departure and the majestic arrival. May we all be living on earth to see the solemnities and join in the songs and shake hands in the congratulations of that watch night, or if between this and that any of us should be off and away may we be inhabitants of that land where "a thousand years are as one day," and in the presence of that angel spoken of in the Apocalypse who at the end of the world will, standing with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, "swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer."

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Degree of Misfortune.—"He was fortunately left an orphan at an early age." "Fortunately?" "Yes, before that he was an only child."—Detroit Journal.

"You look dreadfully battered; how is that?" "Wife has been pelting me with flowers." "Why, that wouldn't mark you in that fashion." "O—thay were in the pots."—London Judy.

"What makes you think she doesn't love you?" "I've been taking my meals there every Sunday for the past six months, and she still has to ask me how I take my tea."—Chicago Daily News.

"Talk about a mosquito only living 24 hours!" fiercely exclaims the Young Iconoclast. "I know one that has been haunting this house six months, and is old enough to cut teeth!"—Chicago Evening Post.

"Mamma, when you're away from home an' want to go back awfully that's bein' homesick, ain't it?" "Yes, dear." "What is it when a feller's sick of stayin' at home an' wants to go fishin'?"—Chicago Tribune.

"A man kin foghit his manners an' git along foh awhile," said Uncle Eben. "But de fus' t'ing he knows he gits a naughty be neglects ter bow to de inevitable, an' den he's in trouble sho' 'nuff."—Washington Star.

Magistrate—"The assault you have committed on your poor young wife is a most brutal one. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?" Prisoner—"If you do, your honor, it will break up our honeymoon."—Tit-Bits.

Light and Airy.—Smith—"What kind of business is Brown engaged in?" Jones—"Pneumatic, I think." Smith—"Pneumatic! Why, I never heard of a business like that." Smith—"Well, whatever it is he's running it on wind."—Chicago Daily Record.

## ALMOST WON AN HEIRESS.

The Extraordinary Imposture Practiced Upon a Rich Young Mexican Girl.

After for months impersonating a dead fiancé and having thereby all but succeeded in wedding an heiress of the Mexican capital, a handsome and oily-tongued youth of the sister republic has taken flight, and is believed to be at present somewhere in this country. As is common enough in Mexico, the girl had in infancy been betrothed to a boy of about her own age—the son of her father's old friend, who lived in a distant province. Some months ago, the young woman, being then of marriageable age, a handsome young fellow made his appearance at her father's mansion in the City of Mexico and introduced himself as her fiancé. As a matter of fact he was a native of San Luis Potosi, where his father conducts a small business. He had plenty of money, though where he obtained it is as yet unknown. As was recently learned, the impostor recently came into possession of certain documents belonging to a frontier family which had once been of great note. Through these documents the pretender learned that it had been the intention of the frontier family and another wealthy family of the City of Mexico to effect a matrimonial alliance. A young man belonging to the frontier family was to marry a young lady belonging to the wealthy and prominent family of the capital. But the young people had never met, and the young girl had never set eyes even on a photograph of her intended husband. Subsequent events interfered with these family projects. The frontier family fell from its high position, and the young man himself died.

When the young adventurer learned of this history a plan occurred to him for replenishing his pocket. This plan was no other than the impersonation of the dead youth from the frontier. He learned all he could about the family history of the frontier people, and he presented himself to the family in the capital, and by telling them plausible stories positively succeeded in imposing upon them. But, what was of more importance than anything else, he won his way to the heart of the young lady. It is probable that the marriage would actually have come off had not some friends of the family heard of the plot and presented proof positive to the young lady's family that her suitor was an impostor.

As soon as he was thus unmasked he made the best of his way from the scene of his imposture, and is believed to have crossed into the United States. The girl's father has declined to prosecute him, not caring to drag his daughter's name into court.—Chicago Chronicle.

## Hawking with Eagles.

The sport of hawking is still largely practiced, although it has ceased to be the fashionable amusement that it once was in England and western Europe. A recent writer on the subject shows that an astonishingly large number of birds are trained for this sport, varying in size from a merlin to an eagle. Eagles are employed in Turkestan and other parts of the Russian empire. Among the animals hunted with the aid of these powerful birds are the roebuck and the wolf.—Youth's Companion.

Another Name for Cowardice. Cruelty is but another expression of cowardice.—L. A. W. Bulletin.



